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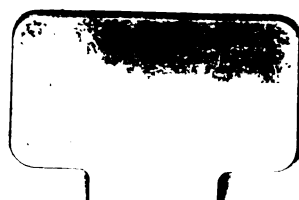
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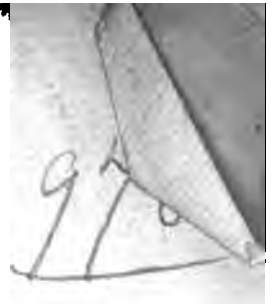
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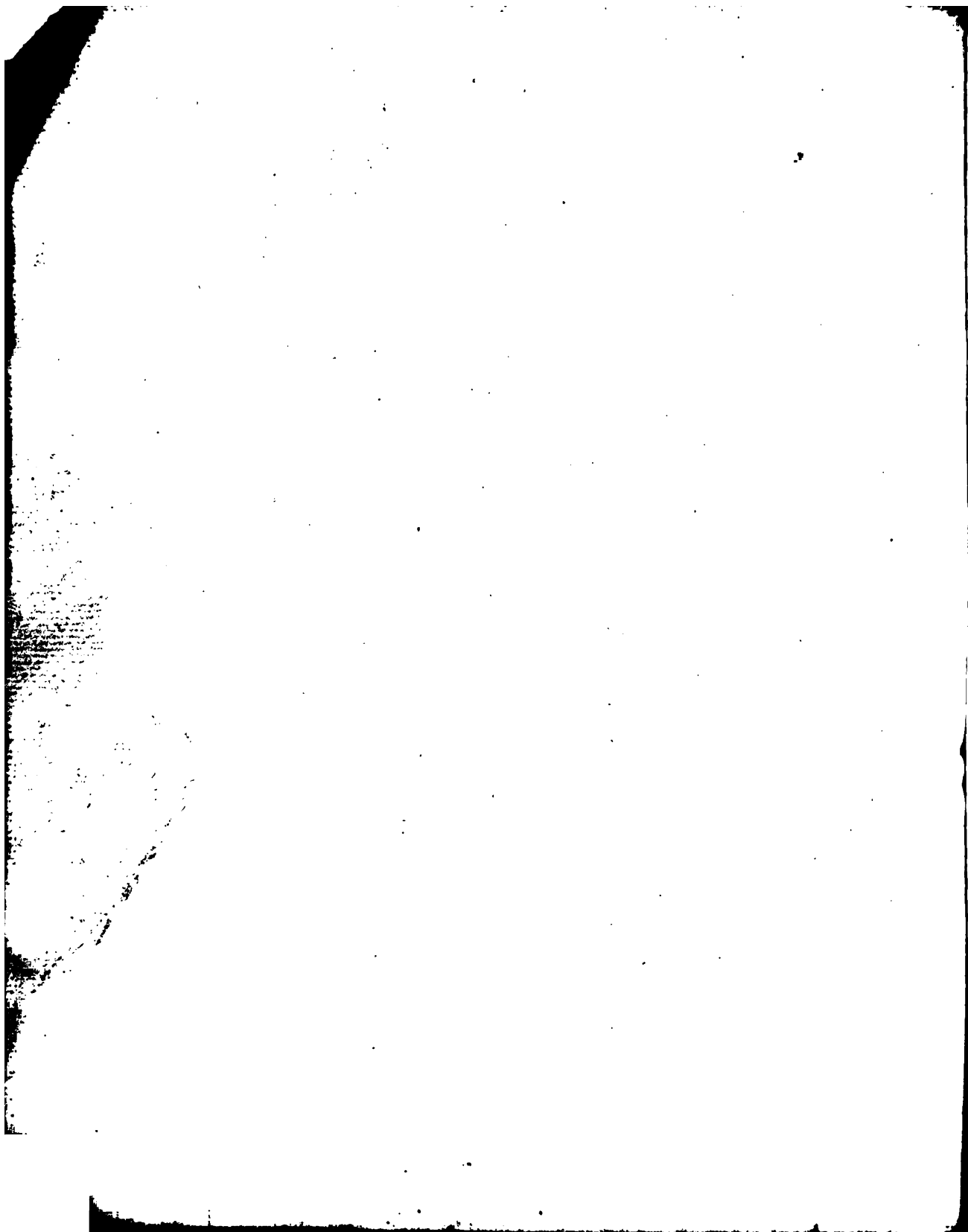
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THE
CALEDONIAN HEROINE,
OR, THE
INVASION AND FALL
OF
SUENO THE DANE.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Revised by the Author

Arma virumque cano. — VIRG.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by WAL. RUDDIMAN and COMPANY,

M,DCC,LXXI.

1880

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1880

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



T O

The Right Honourable
The Lady ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND,
Countess of SUTHERLAND,
Lady STRATHNAVER, &c.

To the Lady ELIZABETH WEMYSS.

To the Lady ALVA.

To the Right Honourable the Lord BALGONY.

To the Honourable ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS of Douglas.

To the Honourable JAMES WEMYSS of Wemyss.

To the Honourable FRANCIS CHARTERIS of Amisfield.

To the Honourable Colonel JAMES ST. CLAIR of St. Clair.

To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE of Hailes, Baronet.

And to all the NOBLE and HONOURED GUARDIANS
of the NOBLE HEIR and REPRESENTATIVE of the
most ancient EARLS of SUTHERLAND.

These Cantos are,

With the most profound respect,

Inscribed by their most dutiful,

And obedient humble servant,

DYSERT,
21st MARCH 1771.

R. C.

*Robert Colville
minister of the Parish
Church Dysert.*



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THE design of these cantos now offered to the publick, is to celebrate the late ~~glorious~~ decision of the British peers, in favours of the noble heir and representative of the most illustrious and ancient Earls of SUTHERLAND.

no peers

THE invasion of SCOTLAND by the SCANDIAN Princes, is a dark period of history, and most suitable of any for poetical relation and invention. Fancy may range unchallenged in so large a common, and defy the jargon of critical strictures.

THE conflict here related happened ~~hard by~~ *at some little distance from* the Castle of DUNROBIN, the ancient seat and residence of these heroes. After ravaging the southern counties of SCOTLAND, SUENO landed in SUTHERLAND, and was there entirely ~~routed~~ *defeated*.

SOME tombs of the DANISH king and his chieftains, are still to be seen at some little distance from the family seat.

(THE writer of these cantos might have greatly availed himself by the perusal of that very learned and ingenious



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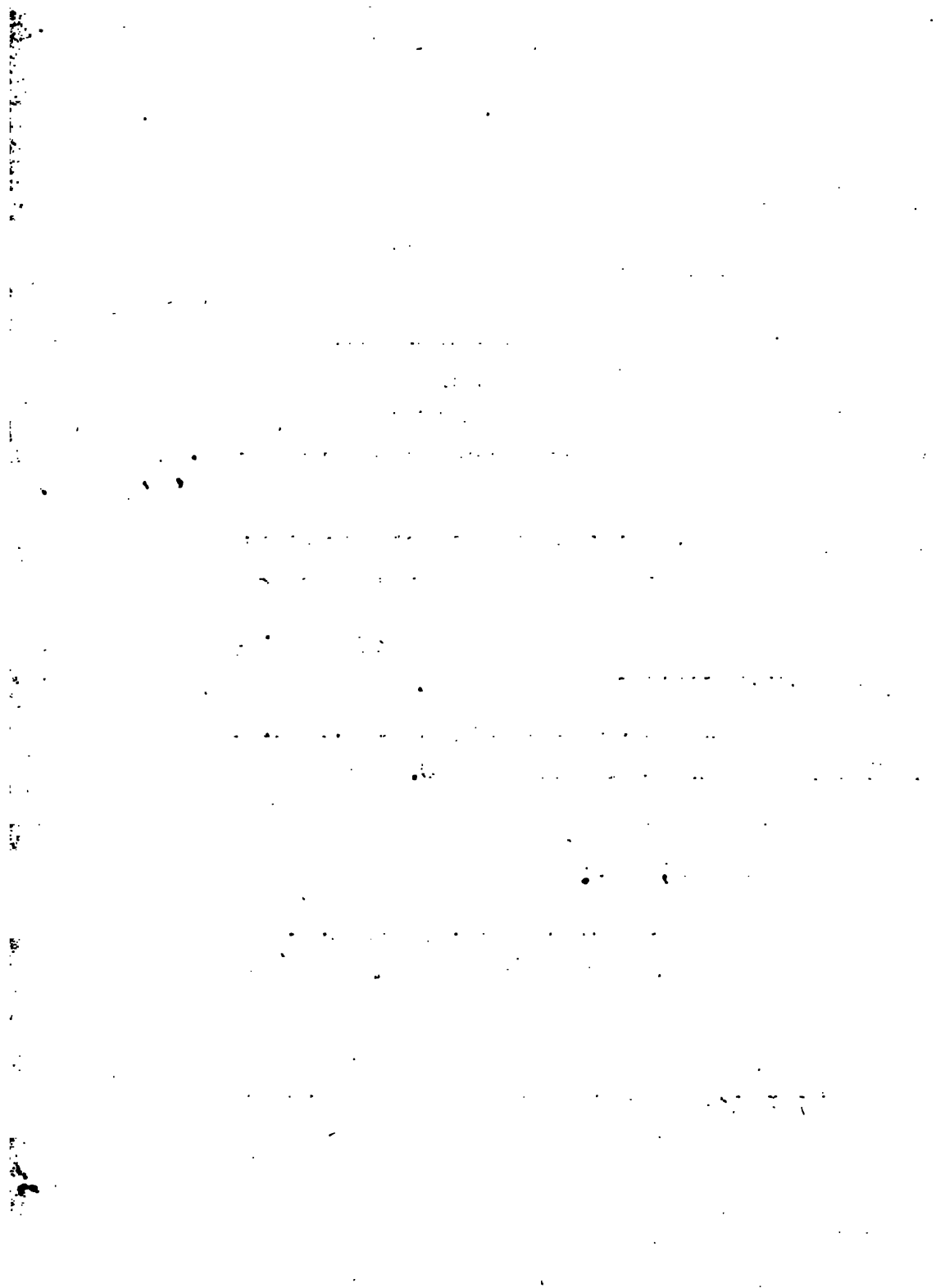
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defence published lately in behalf of the Countess of SUTHERLAND, her rights and titles, by Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE of HALES, Baronet, one of the Lords of Council and Session, and guardian to the Countess, but the hurry of an occasional poem, which must be got through in a day or two, and being at too great a distance to gain access to that very masterly volume, (which will be a model, in this kind of writing, to after ages, as it is a noble monument of that gentleman's learning and penetration) this may possibly plead for any imperfection. He shall, however, observe in his own defence, that any rigid criticism upon his introducing what some will say, names and families too modern, appears altogether frivolous, as BUCHANAN and others on these times, represent ~~our~~ ^{the} present chieftains in LoTHIAN, MERSE, and FIFE, as present at these encounters with the SEANDIAN princes.

*The Wm. A. New
Cantos*

ERRATA,

Page 8th, l. 22, for pirates read Denmark; p. 10, l. 10, for ruth'd read rush'd; p. 11, l. 8, for she read the; p. 15, l. 9, read Taia; p. 19, l. 8, for the read his.

THE
INVASION AND FALL
OF
SUEEN.

CANTO I.

*Such were the words of the Bards in the days of the song,
when the King heard the music of harps, and the tales of other
times.*

OSSIAN.

L O U D blew the storm from NORWAY'S shore,
The wild waves growl'd with deaf'ning sound,
As EURUS trump was heard to roar,
Must'ring his airy squadrons round.

Sadly along the groaning wood
Demons of death were heard to call,
In fummons, where proud bulwarks stood,
In warlike strength round WILLIAM'S hall.

There, 'mid her faithful vassal train,
 With hearts to conquer, or to die,
 ELIZA sat; her beauteous mein
 Eclips'd by Sorrow's tearful eye.

In fable weeds her princely state
 Was veil'd; the charm of youthful bloom,
 In clouds of grief; for she had wept,
 An orphan, o'er her parents tomb.

No father's arm to shield this flow'r,
 No mother's wakeful care to tend,
 No brother bold 'gainst hostile pow'r,
 To rise the noble orphan's friend.

Helpless herself, and all forlorn,
 Her guide, her guard, sweet Innocence,
 'Gainst worldly rapine, fraud, or scorn,
 Her guardian high stood Providence.

And tidings of fierce SUEW were told,
 How winged fleets in dread array
 Approach'd: the SCANDIAN vulture bold,
 With keen eye hov'ring o'er his prey.

Their brother's blood stain'd BRONAS * plain,
 Vengeful they fear nor wind nor waves;
 They vow'd lost trophies to regain,
 Or find their warlike kinsmen's grave.

With twelve tall ships, and horrent arms,
 His banners streaming to the gale,
 First SUENO ruth'd with fierce alarms,
 With him three thousand warriors sail.

Fierce followed on the foaming flood,
 With equal ships and equal host,
 Like eaglet bent on spoil and blood,
 The furious prince, his father's boast.

Next steer'd for SCOTIA'S verdant plains,
 HENGIST the Great, the DANISH pride;
 Two thousand axes arm his trains,
 Eight tow'ring vessels stem the tide.

ALRIC, who taught his helmed crew
 To launch keen shafts from DORRINE bows,
 With five ships o'er the billows flew;
 A thousand skill'd the train compose.

* A little town upon the coast, watered by the river of that name; it lies about 12 miles to the northward of the stately castle of Dunrobin, the seat of the noble and ancient Earls of Sutherland.

Then, widely fain'd for naval broils,
 Came NORVAIN, with two thousand spears,
 Full richly deck'd in ENGLISH spoils ;
 Now swift for SCOTIA's strand he steers.

Last, with twelve hundred in his train,
 Their GOTHIC swords in gore to steep,
 All vengeful, for his kinsmen slain,
 Fell HUBBA plough'd the foaming deep.

And now was heard the chosen band,
 " Erst sent to scour the winding coast,
 " Th' invaders march along the strand,
 " From tempests 'scap'd a dreadful host.

" Full fifty hundred bowmen bold,
 " And fifty hundred spearmen bright,
 " With warlike steeds and banner'd gold,
 " To lord it o'er these walls to-night."

Appall'd her faithful guardian rose,
 " Good heaven's great help be here she cries;
 " We fall the spoil of bloody foes,
 " Whose outrage heaven and earth defies.

" And have we liv'd to mourn the chains
 " Of pirates ! to behold, sad fate !
 " These tow'rs laid waste, her rich domains,
 " ELIZ' a slave on SUENO wait !"

Trembling she sunk ; the struggling croud
 Of pow'rful passions teal'd her tongue ;
 Each bosom bled ; while echoing loud
 With female cries, the castle rung.

Then from her seat, with accents new,
 For heav'n the princely maid inspir'd
 She thus bespoke her vassals true,
 In guise which drooping courage fir'd.

“ The DANES come on to win these tow'rs,
 “ Eager and mighty for the fray ;
 “ But heav'n shall blast their vaunting pow'rs,
 “ Fell havock pierce their deep array.

“ Just is our cause, and I have heard
 “ How my forefathers, just and brave,
 “ In bloody fields their standard rear'd,
 “ Their country's faith, or rights to save.

“ Oft have I heard the wondrous tale
 “ Of glorious deeds perform'd by few ;
 “ Then why shou'd chilling fears prevail,
 “ When heav'n these wonders may renew.

“ Hence, hence with fears, ill-tim'd delay !
 “ Heroic ardor fires my breast,
 “ And heav'n may send ere morning ray,
 “ A hand up-raising the depress'd.”

She ceas'd ; her words, like vernal showers
 To drooping fields, new life convey'd,
 To arm the brave, who from the tow'rs,
 Now helms and blazon'd shields display'd.

They shine in arms ; and high in air
 Her banners of defiance flew ;
 Such was the sign, her bands repair
 From neighbouring seats a dauntless crew.

The bridge up-drawn, from its dark cell
 Ruth'd iron PORTCULLIS harsh and strong ;
 Peal'd from the spire war's dreadful knell ;
 The warriors o'er the bulwarks throng.

The DANES advanc'd in grim array,
 Fierce ensigns streaming to the wind ;
 Flight and amazement mark their way ;
 Stalk Death and Solitude behind.

In front, high plum'd, in glitt'ring arms
 Rode gallant SUEN', his Captains round,
 Stern veterans train'd to war's alarms,
 And now the herald-trumpets sound.

" Set wide your gates ! I proffer life,
 " Rebels, receive your rightful Lord,
 " Nor madly dare in bloody strife,
 " The rage of SUENO'S conqu'ring sword.

[11]

" If, desp'rate, ye condemn my grace,
 " And SCANDIA's legions dare defy,
 " Come forth and combat face to face,
 " In bulwarks skulking cowards ly-

" Who wins the field shall share the spoils,
 " These rich domains, this castle fair,
 " With titles proud to crown his toils,
 " She vanquish'd death; and black despair."

He said, and 'vengeful in his mood,
 With furious brigade, forc'd his way,
 Not mark'd the Bowmen where they stood
 With winged deaths to meet their prey..

Thrice strove the narrow pass to gain,
 And thrice the feather'd jav'lins flew ;
 At ev'ry flight stretch'd on the plain.
 Full forty gallant DANES they flew..

Enrag'd, and mourning wars mischance,
 Sign of retreat, he winds his horn,
 Swore by his gods, the DANISH lance
 Should shake their proudest walls ere morn..

The morning blaz'd with fiery ray,
 Purpling the plain and WILLIAM's tow'rs,
 Ush'ring the havock of the day,
 And fiercely march'd the DANISH pow'rs..

Full in the van with foldier's skill,
 And foldier's pride his camp he plac'd;
 The rivers urg'd his trenches fill,
 And rising tow'rs his rampart grac'd.

Hence ten long days and ten long nights,
 His slings and archers ply'd the foe,
 Till, pity it was, in random fights,
 Full many a youth was laid full low.

Thick from the walls, 'the iron show'r'
 Of arrowy fleet and missils came;
 Back rush'd fierce fire-brands to devour
 Their bulwarks whelm'd in stench and flame.

Harra's'd and torn with galling wounds,
 The little host their turrets grac'd,
 A braver host on SCOTTISH grounds
 The rage of DENMARK never fac'd.

From rank to rank, in nodding crest
 And burnish'd arms, ELIZA flew,
 "Fight on, brave hearts; Hope in my breast,
 "Still whispers what great heav'n may do."

Long hung the war in doubtful scale,
 Resolv'd on death before they'd yield,
 Till savage numbers 'gan prevail
 With perseverance o'er the field.

Their ev'ry hope of succour fled,
 Despair unmans the vet'ran's soul;
 Their spears no more with success sped,
 Their bows no more the DANE controul.

And now the circling moat was past,
 Fierce tribes with raging fury stung,
 To burst the gates like thunder prest;
 Within lament and uproar rung.

In van, like MARS, with THRACIAN bands,
 The furious chief drew ev'ry eye,
 As dread he strove with blazing brands
 To scale, and fire the turrets high.

And now loud bursting bands give way,
 Redoubled axes rend the gates,
 The murd'rer marks his trembling prey,
 The sword of bloody slaughter waits.

One raging hour had sunk thy towers,
 ELIZA! sack'd by fire and sword;
 And thou with all thy loyal powers
 Hadst bled, or own'd a foreign lord.

When lo! loud pealing on the ear,
 The clanging trumpet's silver sound,
 With trampling steeds, spoke succour near,
 With shouts the hills and dales rebound.

He comes ! the happy watchman cries,
He comes !---the King with all his host ;
He comes like lightning from the skies,
Thou bloody DANE ! to mar thy boast.

And now their sovereign diege is heard,
" Health to the brave in WILLIAM'S Hall ;
" O'er SUEN' the brand of death is rear'd,
" Come forth and see th' invader's fall !

Loud o'er the tow'rs the tidings rung,
The bands like long lost brethren meet,
Fond o'er her charge the guardian hung,
Their loud acclaims their sovereign greet.

Advancing where in fight the down,
Gave ample space for war's array,
He bid the horns, with lordly frown,
Defy the DANE in bloody fray.

In burnish'd arms on fiery steed,
His red plumes dancing in the gate,
He shone and swore bold SUEN' should bleed,
Nor one return to tell the tale.

* Great MARCH who foil'd in bloody fields
 The ENGLISH and BATAVIAN arms ;
 ST. CLAIR and WEEMS with blazon'd shields,
 Who trophies won in sea alarms.

PERTH, ERSKINE, LESLIE, mighty Thanes,
 Dread guardians of the SCOTTISH shore,
 STEWART, LYON, led their martial trains,
 And reus'd them with the tales of yore.

From TATAO's silver branching stream,
 Sworn guardian to bold WILLIAM's heir,
 Great MURRAY march'd with daz'ling gleam
 Of spears and bucklers founding far.

From winding TWEED's green pleasing dale,
 Came princely SCOT, his country's boast,
 His Captains brave in shining mail,
 ELLIOT and HARDINE join the host.

With NISBET fam'd in martial broils,
 And WHITEFOORD march his deep array :
 Full proudly deck'd in EDWARD's spoils,
 Rush'd SCOT to meet his foreign prey.

* The martial achievements of this warlike branch sprung from the noble house of DOUGLAS, and the memorable exploits of the other heroes here celebrated, may be seen at large in the historical tracts of BUCHANAN, ABERCROMBIE, and other SCOTS writers.

But chief amid fam'd SCOTIA's peers,
The flow'r and bulwark of the host,
Lord DOUGLAS rode with glitt'ring spears,
And banner chief, his rightful boast.

As lion gorg'd t'ward NILUS plain,
O'er NUBIAN mountains bends his way,
So he fair ENGLAND's champions slain,
Came rous'd to rend the DANISH prey.

And by his side in GALLIC mail,
His 'quire when PIERCE he defy'd,
Rode trusty COLVILLE of the Dale,
In ev'ry field and fortune try'd.

He lov'd his lord, and to his race
Left all his store, a loyal heart,
Which envy's tooth cou'd ne'er efface,
Nor galling scorn's cirvenom'd dart.

Though neither wealth, nor titl'd name,
May to this faithful 'quire belong,
Yet shall the Muse record his fame,
Resounding in some future song.

C A N T O II.

*Quis te, Magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Cossè, relinquat ?
Quis Gracchi genus, aut geminos duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ !* VIRG. Æn. 6.

THOU Muse ! who warm with native fire,
Peal'd on the harp the martial strain
Of CHEVIOT's field, deign to inspire
Me, rudest of the tuneful train.

So, happ'ly charm'd, the nicer ear
Of peers and courtly dames, my verse
May suit, while I, devoid of fear,
Their triumphs and their toils rehearse.

As bellowing herds rush on amain,
Who long had fought with rival rage
Each other, thus in dusty plain,
With thund'ring sound the hosts engage.

The neighing steeds, the clang of arms,
 The brigades rushing to the war,
 The groans of death, the proud alarms,
 Up the long dales re-echo far.

Earl DOUGLAS fierce with SCOTTISH spears
 Thro' broken squadrons rends his way,
 SIWARD and HORSA, 'mid their peers,
 Pierc'd by his lance, expiring lay.

Circling the DANISH bowmen brave,
 The phalanx firm, with arrowy flight:
 Where MARCH! thy bloody falchions wave,
 They fall, or fly in wild affright.

Thrice on the right, SCOT charg'd amain,
 The slaughter'd heaps around him grew:
 Great HENGIST, wasteful on the plain,
 From his proud steed the chieftain threw.

Like ANTEUS with reviving force,
 Dread HENGIST on his rival sprung,
 Whose thirsty spear arrests his course,
 He falls; his brazen armour rung.

ALRIC, who saw his brother bleed,
 For vengeance bent his DOFRINE bows:
 Fierce archers ply with bloody speed,
 Before them sink their vanquish'd foes.

O'er LEADMOIR, TAINO, RANALD, slain,
With sounding shafts he urg'd his way,
Till BRUCE, with WEEMS, repell'd the DANE,
Like raging wolf rob'd of his prey.

With phalanx firm, their yielding throng,
Bold WHITEFOORD gores with bristling spears,
O'er DRURO slain his guards among
The flaming falchion SINCLAIR rears.

LYON, LESLIE, ERSKINE, on the left,
With quiver'd archers gall'd them fore,
Thro' helm and brazen hauberk cleft,
By MURRAY's ax they sink in gore.

Nor shall thy prowess pass unsung,
In council great as in the field,
DALRYMPLE! thou! with trophies hung
Of ALRIC slain his bow and shield.

A youth there was of good degree,
From FORTH'S winding floods he came,
His fire, renown'd for loyalty,
In bloody fields had purchas'd fame.

His silver'd age o'ertoil'd the knight,
In peace reposing vaunts his scars;
His steady clan, with lances bright,
Follow'd young CHARTERS to the wars.

He saw how SUGENO's desperate bands
Full many a wasteful inroad made,
How GRAME beneath his mighty hands,
And active KEITH in dust were laid.

He saw his bravest vassals bleed,
And stung beneath his sov'reign's eye,
Follow, ye brave! your course I lead
To glorious death or trophies high.

They pass'd the archer's proud alarms,
They pass'd the wings with courage true,
Their banner'd crew with daring hand
To seize like fire the hero flew.

Ah! youth, too brave! ah! hapless fire!
What magic sooth'd thy fears! to yield
That son in battle to expire,
Whose arm thy tottering age might shield.

Where'er his bloody couriers turn,
A thousand deaths are on the wing,
A thousand lances round him burn,
In air a thousand jav'lines sing.

Nor pointed spears retard his course,
Valour thro' these can burst its way;
Shouting he claims with matchless force,
In throat of death his destin'd prey.

Thrice thro' he charg'd the center band,
Stern guardians of their magic sign;
They sink before his wasteful brand,
And with their lives their charge resign.

Then to the king, triumphant flies,
With trophy of immortal fame;
The king receives the glorious prize,
The host resounds his TITL'D NAME.

This SUEÑO saw, he winds his horn,
Then gath'ring firm his deep array,
By mad despair and fury torn,
He puts his fate on one essay.

Singling amid' his circling peers,
The king of SCOTS, with barb'rous cry,
Th' invader rush'd 'mid thousand spears
Bent to regain, or bravely die.

Then man to man, and horse to horse,
Their idle bows were cast aside,
The regal javelin mark'd its course
In noble HUBBA's warm blood dy'd.

WEMYS, ERSKINE, LESLIE, launch their spears,
And REGAN, HAGO, ROGART, slew,
As CLEYN his pond'rous mace uprears,
The shafts of NISBET pierc'd him thro'.

Red raging slaughter stalks around,
 The wasting ax descends amain;
 Brain'd from their warlike steeds to ground,
 Bold GREY and HEPBURN bite the plain.

Like tygrs rob'd with ensigs fierce,
 And flaming blade, SUEN' urg'd his way,
 Now thro' the royal band they pierce,
 Now, shouting, claim the doubtful day.

Chill horror froze ELIZA's blood,
 She mark'd the peril of the king,
 With succours brave, who ready stood,
 She left the walls like hawk on wing.

Mid' war and death she sought her lord,
 The DANE had push'd him from the field,
 Till DOUGLAS turn'd the DANISH sword,
 And rush'd with interposing shield.

As noble floods, half drain'd, receive
 The mountain torrents after rain,
 And thunder thro', so rush'd the brave
 With noise and ardor on the DANE.

O'er steeds and groaning heaps they go,
 The charge refunds, the conflict burns,
 Till SCOT, thy lance, laid NORVAIN low,
 And o'er young SUEN' the father mourns.

The king's keen pole-ax cleft him down,
As rude he struck ELIZA's cleft,
The fire who saw him ghastly groan
To great revenge his soul addrest.

He call'd his fifty knights so true,
With huge blades arm'd, and helms of brass,
Then at the king like lightning flew,
Cutting his way with dreadful pass.

“ Turn, murd’rer, turn, the fire demands,
“ Thy life to sooth my SUENO's shade,
“ Nor thine alone, thy servile bands,
“ With blood shall drench my thirsty blade.

Then STUART, ALPIN, in his course,
With interposing LAING, he flew ;
His steel high rais'd with vengeful force,
To earth the king's proud courser threw.

Again he rais'd his desp'rate arm,
The king on foot defy'd the DANE,
Fierce to his aid, with loud alarm,
The nobles rush, a loyal train.

With founding bow, and quiver'd pride,
 Like VOLSCIAN princess * fam'd in song,
 ELIZA swift was seen to ride,
 And send keen shafts amid' the throng.

Half had she sped her feather'd store,
 When urg'd by fate, her arrow keen
 Deep in SUEN's shoulder drank the gore,
 Like wounded bull more raging seen.

He turn'd, and reckless in his wrath
 Affail'd the maid; with ardor meet,
 Earl DOUGLAS turn'd the brand of death,
 Then charg'd the DANE like eagle fleet.

As lions fierce, on LIAYA's plain;
 Encounter, foaming o'er their spoil,
 Some heifer fair, the leaders twain,
 Thus dread commence their warlike toil.

They bend, they wheel, then vengeful turn;
 With clanging roar their bucklers close;
 Aloft their circling falchions burn,
 Thro' riven mail the crimson flows.

* Camilla, a princess of the Volscian line. (See the beautiful description of this warlike maid. Virg. End of 7th Æn.)

Full where his helm shone waving high,
The DOUGLAS' sword with gaping wound,
Like lightning brandish'd from the sky,
Fell'd bloody SUEÑO to the ground.

The DANE with all his chieftains slain,
The vulgar rout like driven deer,
Rush to the shore, their ships to gain,
But DOUGLAS follow'd on the rear.

The desp'rate rovers on the strand
He quell'd, and to compleat their fate,
Fir'd the tall ships with flaming brand,
Then stern, denounc'd their servile state.

“ Down with your arms, ye slaves ! resign !
“ Soldiers no more ; by rightful doom,
“ The sword devouring should consign
“ Your pale trunks to a wat'ry tomb.

“ But mercy prompts our gracious lord,
“ Go him on suppliant knees implore,
“ His bondmen captive by the sword,
“ You hail high SCANDIA's hills no more.”

Them guarding with a trusty band,
Slowly he cours'd the bloody field,
His * 'sQUIRE supports in ready hand
SUENO's huge sword, his helm and shield.

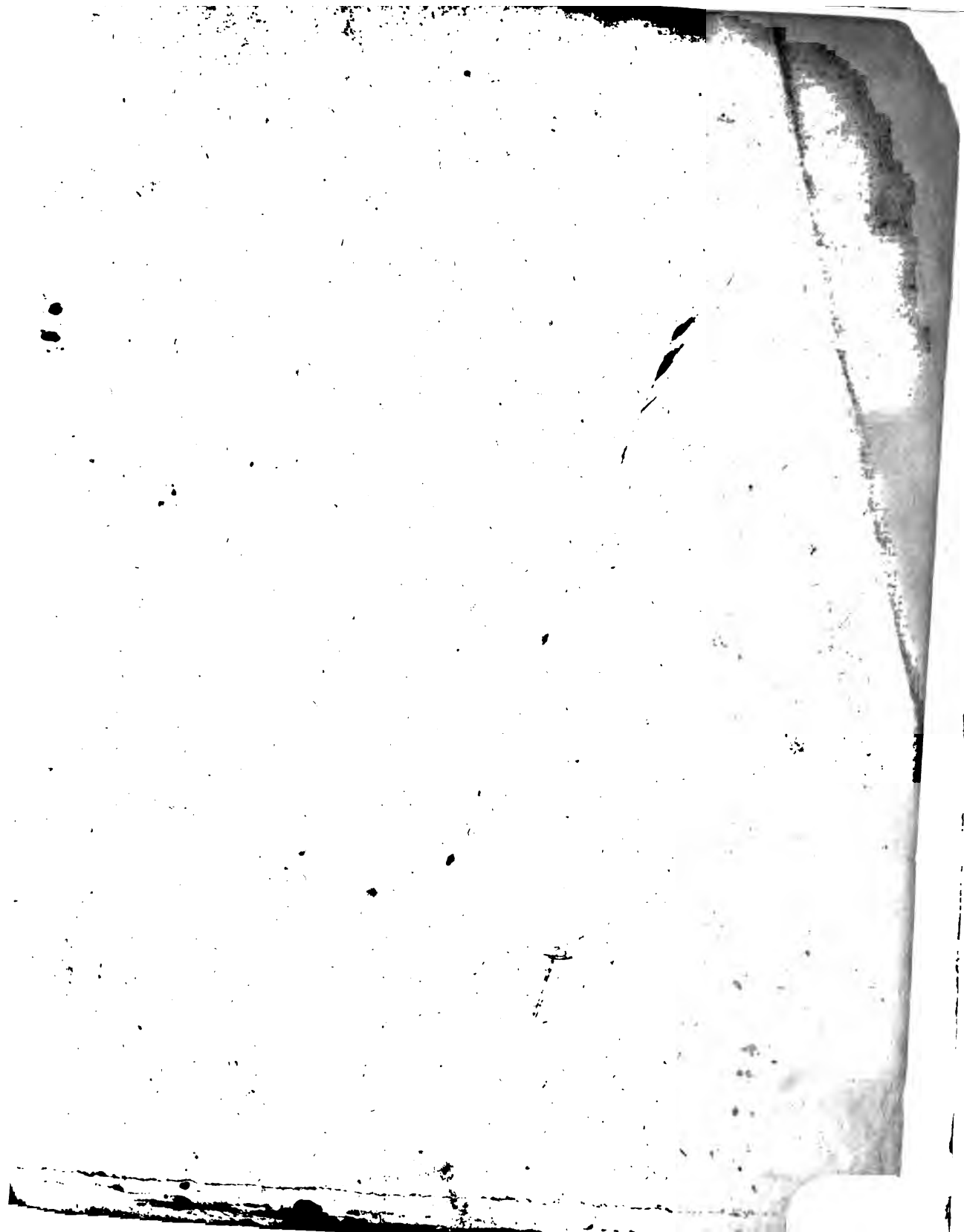
He pass'd the PALMERS on the plain,
Tending the wounded and the dead;
They cry'd, but few of note are slain,
Though numbers of the vulgar bleed:

He curb'd his steed, on rising mound †
A chieftain's tomb his notice drew,
New grac'd with pillar'd mass around,
High hung with wreaths of fun'ral hue.

" In this low cell, the DANISH boast,
" Stern SUENO's breathless corse is laid,
" Here fall'n with all his gallant host,
" These rites shall sooth the soldier's shade."

* Colville of the Dale: The first of this name was a French knight, who came over to Douglas, Duke of Tairaine; that they were favourite vassals, appears both from the Scotch and English history. Their lands are now swallowed up into the vast estate of Douglas, but their loyalty has continued the same, never to be alienated. Their most steady and most singular attachment to the cause and fortunes of YOUNG DOUGLAS for these many years past, is sufficiently known to all the world.

† The tomb of the Danish king is still pointed out at a little distance from the castle of Dunrobin. See Bowen's geogr.



He took his chair next to the king,
At whose right hand ELIZA sat;
And now the livered servants bring
In order rang'd the regal treat.

Store piles the board ; the gen'rous wine
In streaming goblets circles round,
As happiest they at feast combine,
The toils of war with glory crown'd.

To solemn harp and warbling lyres,
The choral train fierce deeds rehearse
Of youthful knights, and warlike fires,
The chiefs attend the martial verse.

And now the king, who favour show'd
Much to the fair and guardian grave,
Profer'd his boon by right bestow'd
On HER so loyal, wise and brave.

Silence impos'd, where high he sat
Beside with peers and barons bold,
He thus began, with dordly state,
His sov'reign mandate to unfold:

" 'Tis meet distinguish'd worth should share
" Distinguish'd praise, to fan the fire
" In this bad world, lest virtue fair
" O'erlook'd in noble minds expire.

And now with silver trumpets found,
The heralds peal her TITLES HIGH
Loudly the walls and tow'rs rebound,
As if they did the world defy.

Thus THEY the happiest train that e'er
Conveen'd in hall, or forest wide,
Protract the feast with jocund cheer,
Till morn array'd the green hill side.

And now I take my leave, and pray
This lawless rapine be laid low,
Still, like this HOST of BROTHERS, may
Our PEERS repel the common foe.

F I N I S.



